

Deaf-Mutes' Friend



"UNITED WE STAND; DIVIDED WE FALL."

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LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF WILLIAM B. SWETT.

CONTINUED.

AT WORK IN THE "FLUME."

I WENT one day with a gang of workmen to repair the bridge over the Pemmigewasset River and the footways by which visitors reach the "Flume." The storms and freshets of winter always do more or less damage to the bridges, foot-paths, plank-walks, and other contrivances for the convenience, comfort and safety of the summer visitors, which are not removed at the close of the travelling season.

I will try to give those who have not seen it some idea of this great natural curiosity.

The "Flume" is reached, from the bridge across the river, by a foot-path which follows the course of the stream, crossing it often, leading up and over steep rocks, and sometimes following the bed of the stream itself. At every step something is seen to admire.

The stream pours itself through the "Flume" over an inclined plane of smooth, polished rock six hundred feet in length and very gradual in descent. Precipices, from sixty to eighty feet high, wall in the waters on each side; the space between them averages about twenty feet, except at the upper end, where the walls suddenly approach each other within ten feet, and hold suspended between them, in mid air, an enormous boulder of granite which looks as if a very small force would send it into the stream below, so slight appears its hold between the cliffs. The precipices on each side are fringed with tall forest trees and the sun shines into the ravine

only about two hours a day. It is at all times a grand and gloomy scene. The only way to get up this narrow gorge is by a foot-way of planks and logs which is kept in repair by the proprietors.

A huge tree has fallen across from one side to the other, above the boulder, and many persons have crossed the ravine on it. It is a dizzy height and the foothold is not very secure, the log being rotten and slippery.

Having repaired the bridge, we proceeded to the "Flume" to fix up the foot-ways. We there found an army of small black flies, or midges, as they are called. These troublesome little insects, which are far worse than mosquitoes, abound in the woods and all over the mountains and annoy every one with merciless perseverance. They seldom show themselves in the houses, and will keep away from a person who is smoking. All workmen outside are obliged to make a fire and keep up a smoke in order to be able to work. We built a huge fire at one end of the "Flume" and thus kept the flies away; a gust of wind would sometimes drive so much smoke in upon us as to compel us to drop our tools and run out to avoid suffocation. This hindered us a good deal, but we preferred to be smoked out occasionally rather than to bear the constant torment of the flies.

The logs on which the plank foot-ways of the previous summer had rested having been washed away, it was necessary for us to cut down some trees for new ones; in order to procure what we needed, we ascended a narrow path to the top of one side of the ravine and, cutting down the trees, we trimmed them and rolled them over the brink into the chasm below.

Looking over to the opposite side of the ravine, I saw a tall tree standing on the edge of the precipice, and determined to go across and fell it; I wished to see it fall into the "Flume" with all its branches on. Taking my axe, I started over the log I have spoken of as lying across the chasm; I had nearly reached the other side when my foot struck a projecting knot, I lost my balance, and all which saved me from falling was a desperate spring and my grasp on a bush which grew near the edge. I was startled and it was some time before I could go to work; at last I began to cut down the tree, which soon began to reel and the breeze taking it on the right side, it slowly inclined in the desired direction; I ran to a safe distance and leaned over the edge as far as I dared, with one hand grasping the branch of a tree, to see it fall. It went down

head foremost and was, to my surprise, considerably shorter than the depth of the ravine ; it struck on its head, stood upright for an instant, as if surprised at its novel situation, and then its heavy butt-end went down on the bed of the stream with a crash like that of a thousand thunders. The earth shook and trembled beneath my feet, and the sensations I then experienced will never be forgotten.

[Deaf-mutes are often able to hear *sounds*, although not distinctly enough to distinguish between articulation and mere noise ; and even when entirely deaf, they are sensible of the concussion or jarring produced by heavy thunder, the report of a cannon, the rumbling of heavy wagons over street pavements, beating a drum, stamping on the floor, &c., although they cannot always tell what produces the sound, or from what direction it proceeds, without the aid of sight. In this case the concussion produced by the fall of a large tree upon a body of air confined in so small a space must have been tremendous ; our own experience shows that concussions are felt, not by the head, but on the chest, and the sensation produced being much the same as when the chest is struck with the open hand ; except that the sensation is more evenly distributed on the surface than it is possible for that of a blow to be. Mr. Swett confines himself to his own personal sensations, and says nothing of the echoes which must have rolled and reverberated for miles around, but to which he was totally insensible. Ed.]

I felled two more trees, but not with the same success, and, we having enough for the foot-ways, I looked about for a way to the bottom of the ravine. The log by which I had crossed was still open to me and a path was on the other side, but as I did not wish to trust the log again, I finally scrambled down the steep side of the precipice and reached the bottom with only a few trifling bruises and scratches. We were obliged to work, much of the time, in three or four feet of water which was cold as ice and were very glad when the job was finished.

ALMOST AN ACCIDENT.

EARLY on the morning of the Fourth of July, the mulatto hostler of the Profile House brought a small cannon, or swivel, into the front yard. It had been used, the previous summer, for the entertainment of the guests who wished to hear the echoes waked by its discharge on the shore of Echo Lake, and had become rusty by long exposure to the weather. The mulatto filled the cannon

nearly full of fine sporting gun-powder, grass and dirt, rammed it down as hard as possible, and then, lighting a match, he attempted to discharge it; failing to do so, he gave it up for the present and left the cannon in the yard.

Another man came along, discovered how the cannon was loaded, and removed it to the back side of the Hotel. Having reached a distance which he considered safe, he inserted a fuse in the priming, lit it and ran away. The cannon burst and a piece of iron, weighing twenty pounds, went over the Profile House and buried itself in the front yard, less than four feet from one of the guests who was walking there. It was very fortunate that the mulatto did not succeed in discharging the cannon; he would have been torn in pieces and much other damage would have been done.

MY FIRST VISIT TO THE "OLD MAN."

ABOUT the last of July I determined to pay a visit to the head of the "Old Man." While getting ready for the attempt, I thought, if I got there, I would set up a pole and raise a flag; I also concluded to remain on the top of the mountain until after dark and then build a large bonfire. I procured a hatchet, which I always, thereafter, carried in my belt in all my wanderings, a flag ten feet long and five feet wide, a long cord, a bag of shavings and kindling wood and some provisions; altogether they made a heavy load to carry to the top of the mountain, a mile and a half, on a hot day in summer.

At one o'clock, P. M., I left the Profile House and commenced the ascent of Cannon Mountain, so called from there being, near its top, a rock which, seen from a certain point, resembles a cannon mounted on a carriage; it is also called Profile Mountain, as it on its side that the "Old Man" is situated.

I followed the foot-path and found it very hard work to get along with my load, but reached the top and deposited it in a convenient place for use at the proper time. After resting a little, I began to descend toward the "Old Man," which lies about a mile away in an opposite direction from that in which I ascended. The way was far more difficult than I had supposed; huge rocks were scattered around, among and over which I had to carefully choose my way. Long before I saw any signs of the "Old Man" I was much inclined to give it up, but I remembered that some one had been on the Head before, and that, "what man has done, man may do."

I might not be, and probably was not, following the route taken by the other party, but any way to the Head must be hard and dangerous ; so I pushed on and was finally rewarded, as I supposed, by arriving at the spot I wished to find. Looking about for a flag staff, I saw that the nearest wood was half a mile farther down, and that much of the way to it lay along the brink of a frightful precipice. The descent required great care, for in some places a slip of the foot would send me to be dashed in pieces on the rocks more than a thousand feet below, and a false step anywhere would be a serious thing. I finally reached the wood and selected a fine stick, fifteen feet long and five inches in diameter at the larger end, which I trimmed with my hatchet and succeeded, after immense labor, in transporting to what seemed to be the right place.

From the spot where I stood I could see the Lake at the foot of the Mountain and many people on the shore. I had told no one of my intentions when I left the Hotel and now began to regret it as, if anything prevented me from getting back, nobody would know where to look for me and the consequences might not be pleasant. However, by getting on a large rock and waving the flag, I attracted the attention of the people, who waved hats and handkerchiefs to show that they saw me. I now felt easier in my mind as, if I was missed, my location would readily be inferred.

Raising the pole, I placed it in a cleft in a rock, piling large stones around it to secure it, and then flung the flag to the breeze.

It was now getting late and I made the best of my way back to the place where I had left my load. The descent was hard, as I have said, but the return was worse and I was nearly exhausted before reaching the top. Selecting a good place near the "Cannon," I spent the next two hours in collecting wood, brush, and green spruce trees ; at the end of that time I had a very large pile, under which I arranged the kindlings and sat down to wait for the proper time to set the pile on fire. I determined to wait until nine o'clock because many of the guests would then be on the piazza of the Hotel, and also because the stages usually arrived about that time. It now occurred to me that I had not taken time to consider the enterprise carefully in all its bearings before starting.

There was no moon ; I had omitted to bring a lantern, and I might find it difficult to get back, if I was not obliged to stay out all night. To miss the path would be dangerous in the extreme, and to keep it in the darkness would be difficult. Having thought

it all over, I concluded to carry out my original plan and proceeded to eat my luncheon as a beginning. The wind, in this elevated spot, blew quite hard and felt chilly as my clothing was damp with perspiration. Finding a cleft in a rock which would protect me from the wind, I crept into it and remained two hours; the large bag in which I had brought the shavings served me as a shawl and I was quite comfortable in body, although still somewhat uneasy in mind about getting down.

All was utter silence around me; the rapidly increasing darkness and the distance back were not pleasant subjects for thought.

I was indeed, for the time, "monarch of all I surveyed", but if my realm was limited by my vision it was small indeed, and my crown by no means sat lightly on my brow. My watch finally told me, by the aid of a match, that it was nine o'clock and I fired the pile; the wind fanned the flame to a huge blaze thirty feet or more in height, which illuminated the scene for miles around and was quickly seen from the Hotel. They told me, afterward, that a cry of "Fire" was raised, and every one of the three hundred and fifty persons then at the Hotel was outside in a very few minutes, and enjoyed the scene very much. In about half an hour the fire died away; as soon as my eyes, which had been blinded by the blaze, became accustomed to the darkness, I set out to return; I could barely see to keep the path, and stumbled and fell quite often.

After a long and tedious journey I arrived at the Profile House with no other damage than a bruised knee. The next morning enquiry was made about the fire and a desire was expressed to see the person who made it; I was sent for and presented to the company who, on being made acquainted with the facts, made up a handsome contribution for me. The contribution was very welcome, I am free to say, but I do not think that I would do the same job over again for the same amount. A man will sometimes do a thing for his own gratification which he cannot afterward be hired to do at any price.

Going down to the Lake, I was surprised to find that the pole was not on the Head, but some distance from it, among a group of rocks called "Adam's Apples." Not content to leave the job half done, I jumped into a boat, rowed across the Lake and struck off and up through the pathless woods to the pole, which I planted in another place. The Head was a very difficult and dangerous place to move or stand on. Returning to the Lake, I found that the pole was in the right place.

In a few days work was discontinued on the Hotel, as the proprietors were obliged to give all their time to the rapidly increasing number of guests, and I was dismissed, with orders to return after the travelling season was over. And so ended my first summer at the Mountains.

Miscellany.

[From "The Microcosm."]

POETRY.

BY ABRAHAM COLES, M. D.

This beautiful little volume, which is a treatise on Anatomy and Physiology, is almost unique as exhibiting Science in the attractive dress of harmonious and vigorous numbers.

"Not less their praise, nor less their high reward,
Th' unequalled heroes of a task more hard,
Enthusiasts, who labored to bridge o'er
The gulf of silence, never passed before,
To reach the *solitaire*, who lived apart,
Cut off from commerce with the human heart:
To whom had been, all goings on below,
A ceremonious and unmeaning show;
Men met in council, on occasions proud,
Nought but a mouthing and grimacing crowd;
And all the great transactions of the time,
An idle scene or puzzling pantomime.
Children of silence! deaf to every sound
That trembles in the atmosphere around,
Now far more happy, dancing ripples break
Upon the marge of that once stagnant lake,
Aye by fresh breezes overswept, and stirred
With the vibrations of new thoughts conferred,
No more your minds are heathenish and dumb.
Now that the word of truth and grace has come:
Your silent praise, that penitential tear,
Are quite articulate to your Savior's ear."

ONE of the most touchingly simple wills was that left by a German pastor, Holzopfel, of Reifnitz. It consists of this one sentence only:—"My soul to God, my body to earth, my money to our deaf and dumb Hospital."

X THE DEAF WIVES.

A LAUGHABLE OCCURRENCE.

NATHANIEL Ela, or "Uncle Nat," as he was generally called, was the corpulent, rubeund and jolly old landlord of the best hotel in the flourishing village of Dover, at the head of the Piscataque, and was excessively fond of a bit of fun. He was also the owner of a large farm in New Durham, about twenty miles distant, the overseer of which was Caleb Ricker, or "Boss Cale," as he was called by the numerous hands under his control, and sufficiently waggish for all practical purposes of fun and frolic. Caleb, like a wise man, had a wife, and so had "Uncle Nat," who was accustomed to visit his farm every month or two, to see how matters went on. On the occasion of one of these visits, the following dialogue occurred between "Uncle Nat" and Mistress Ricker:

"Mr. Ela," said the good lady, "Why have you never brought Mrs. Ela out to see the farm and pay us a visit? I dare say, she would be pleased to spend a day or two with us, and I would endeavor to make her stay as pleasant and comfortable as possible."

"Why, to tell the truth, Mrs. Ricker," said Uncle Nat, "I have been thinking about it for some time, but then, she is so very deaf as to render conversation with her extremely difficult—in fact, it requires the greatest effort to make her understand anything that is said to her, and she is consequently very reluctant to mingle in the society of strangers."

"Never mind that," replied the importunate Mrs. Ricker, "I have a good strong voice, and if anybody can make her hear, I can."

"If you think so and will risk it," replied Uncle Nat, "she shall accompany me on my next visit to the farm;" and this having been agreed upon, Uncle Nat left for the field to acquaint Boss Cale with what had passed and with the plan of future operations during the promised visit of his wife.

It was finally settled between the wicked wags that the fact that their wives could both hear as well as anybody, should be kept a profound secret until disclosed by a personal interview of the ladies themselves.

The next time that Uncle Nat was about to visit the farm, he suggested to his wife that a ride to the country would do her good; that Mrs. Ricker, who had never seen her, was very anxious to receive a visit from her, and proposed that she should accompany him on that occasion. She readily consented and they were soon on their way. They had not, however, proceeded far, when Uncle Nat observed to her that he was sorry to inform her that Mrs. Ricker was extremely deaf, and she would be under the necessity of elevating her voice to its highest pitch, in order to converse with her. Mrs. Ela regretted the misfortune, but thought, as she had a pretty strong voice, she would be able to make her friend hear her. In a few hours after this, Uncle Nat and his lady drove up to his country mansion and Boss Cale, who

had been previously informed of the time of Uncle Nat's intended arrival, was already in waiting to help enjoy the fun that was to come of a meeting of the deaf wives! Mrs. Ricker, not expecting them at the time, happened to be engaged in her domestic duties in the kitchen; but, observing her visitors through the window, she flew to the glass to adjust her cap and put herself in the best trim to receive them that the moment would allow.

In the meantime, Boss Cale had shown Uncle Nat and his lady into the parlor, by way of the front door; soon after which Mrs. Ricker made her appearance in the presence of her guests.

"Mrs. Ricker, I will make you acquainted with Mrs. Ela," roared Uncle Nat, in a voice of thunder.

"How do you do, madam?" screamed Mrs. Ricker to Mrs. Ela, with her mouth close to the ear of the latter.

"Very well, I thank you," replied Mrs. Ela, in a tone of corresponding elevation.

"How did you leave your family?" continued Mrs. Ricker, in a voice quite equal to her first effort.

"All very well, I thank you; how is *your* family?" returned Mrs. Ela, in a tone as loud as possible.

During this conversation, Uncle Nat and Boss Cale, who were convulsed beyond the power of endurance, had quietly stolen out at the door and now remained under the window, listening to the boisterous conversation of their deaf wives, which was continued in the same elevated tones for some time, when Mrs. Ricker, in the same loud voice she had used from the first, thus addressed her lady guest:

"What in life are you hallooing at me for? I am not deaf."

"Ain't you, indeed," said Mrs. Ela, "but pray, what are *you* hallooing at me for? I'm sure, I'm not deaf."

Each, then, came down to their ordinary voices, when a burst of laughter from Uncle Nat and Boss Cale, at the window, revealed the whole truth, and even the ladies themselves were compelled to join in the merriment which they had afforded the outsiders by the character of their interview.

ALWAYS READY.—A lady once asked Mr. Wesley: "Supposing that you knew that you were to die at twelve o'clock to-morrow night, how would you spend the intervening time?" "How, madam?" he replied, "why, just as I intend to spend it now. I should preach this evening at Gloucester, and again at five to-morrow morning; after that I should ride to Tewksbury, preach in the afternoon, and meet the societies in the evening. I should then repair to friend Martin's house, who expects to entertain me, converse and pray with the family as usual, retire to my room at ten o'clock, commend myself to my Heavenly Father, lie down to rest, and wake up in glory."

GETTING RICH.

"If I were only a rich man!"

You want to be rich, do you? What for? Have you not enough to eat and drink and wear, as it is? You would like to have as much money in the bank as your wealthy neighbour, would you? True, he is making money—earning it, as people say; but did you ever pause long enough to consider what he is *losing*?

Did you ever think of the health and spirits and vitality that are leaving him, while you are as robust as a Norway pine and as strong as a North American Indian? Did you ever remember the pleasant leisure hours that are like gleams of sunshine through the gray monotonous sky of every-day life—those hours for which he "never gets time?" What money could buy those seasons of enjoyment? They are not in the market; the gold is not coined that can purchase them!

Do his little boys ever come to him as yours do to you, with enthusiastic tales of top and kite and ball? Do his little girls ever climb upon his knee, and tangle their dimpled fingers in his hair and whiskers, and confide to him the grand frolic they have had with their new hoops and dolls, and the gray kitten with a pink ribbon round its neck? Not they; he has no time for such follies, and so the little folks hurry away like frightened chickens when they hear his voice in the hall, and carry their small hopes, fears, trials and joys elsewhere.

He has no pleasant recollections of school days; he never gets *time* to remember. The present fills up his whole life, crowding out past and future with relentless force.

There are two ways of getting rich: one is represented in the money-market; the other is wealth of heart and soul and brain, and Love is the banker thereof! Does your rich neighbor ever think who it was that said, "lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth?" It is not likely; he is better posted on questions from the Board of Brokers than in the old Bible that his mother used to read aloud years and years ago. Stocks and bonds and fluctuating tides of commerce fill his thoughts, and all this sacrifice is for money alone—money, money, which he has grown to idolize for its own sake.

Is it so delightful to be rich after all? We doubt it! Let the rich man pass on his way, and thank God that He has not "led you into temptation."

You have enough—and which of us needs more? *Am. Phren. Journal.*

AN unprecedented fact has just occurred at the Sorbonne, in Paris. A deaf and dumb young man, M. Dusuxeau, has passed an examination as a Bachelor of Sciences. He answered with great talent, in writing, all the questions put to him. This success does honor to the Paris Institute for the Deaf and Dumb.

AN INCIDENT WORTH REPEATING.

A CORRESPONDENT of a secular paper vouches for this beautiful incident which he received from a policeman at the Capitol in Washington.

"The Capitol building was very still, and a slow, feeble step was heard coming up the steps by the gossiping door-keepers. It was a little old lady, quite out of breath, and very tired, who put her hand painfully to her heart a moment, and then said, "May I go into the Representatives' Hall?"

"It is all shut up; there is nothing going on there," was the reply.

"Please, may I see it?" said the old lady. "Well," said the keeper, "you may go in a moment." The old lady went in; the door-keepers continued their conversation, and forgot her for some time. Suddenly one asked:

"Where is that little old woman? Did she come out?" "I did not see her," said one. "Nor I," said another. One of them was sent in to look for her, and soon came back, saying: "It is curious, but I can't see her anywhere." Three of them went in, feeling superstitious about it. They found the little old lady kneeling at the Speaker's chair, saying her prayers—perhaps for the nation, and they came silently out and left her there."

On the fifth of February, 1576, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Thomas Finsbury, a deaf man, was married in St. Martin's Parish, Leicester, Eng. Seeing that, on account of his natural infirmity, he could not observe the order of the form of marriage, some peculiarities were introduced into the ceremony, with the approbation of the Bishop of Lincoln; the Commissary, and the Mayor of Leicester: the said Thomas, for expressing his mind, used the following signs instead of words:—First, he embraced the bride (Ursula Russet.) with his arms; took her by the hand and put a ring on her finger; laid his hand upon his heart and held up his hands towards Heaven; and to show his promise to dwell with her to his life's end, he closed his eyes with his hands, dug the earth with his feet and pulled as if he was ringing a bell, with other signs approved." This was long before mutes were educated.

A CALIFORNIA MILLIONAIRE.—A Letter from San Francisco, speaking of the richness of the White Pine mining district in Nevada, says that there is now in that city a middle-aged man who, a year ago, was at work by the month as a mechanic, and not worth a dollar. To-day he is worth at least a million of dollars, and his income from one mine alone in White Pine is over fifteen hundred dollars per day. He is investing his money in real estate, in San Francisco. The other day a friend was joking him on the subject of marriage, remarking that he could now marry any young lady in San Francisco; to which he replied: "Well, I knew a girl out West who was willing to marry me when I had not a cent, and now that I am able, I am going to marry her."

Agricultural Department.

FARM NOTES FOR MARCH.

IN most of the Northern States the making and mending of fences is the principal business of this month. It should be done as soon as the frost is out of the ground, so as to be ready for ploughing and planting as soon as the ground is dry enough. If you cannot do it thus early, however, you may attend to it between planting and hoeing.

Fencing is a heavy tax on farmers. Every farmer should endeavour to lighten it in one of three ways: 1. By making large enclosures, thus having as little fence as possible to keep up. 2. By making his fences of the most durable materials and in the most durable manner. 3. By making them as cheaply as is consistent with strength and durability.

Stone walls, well built, are the most durable of fences, unless, as is too often the case, thrown down by reckless boys in pursuit of rabbits or squirrels; but they are too costly. It is said that there are farms on which more has been spent in putting up stone walls than the farm would now sell for.

A half stone fence, that is, the stones from the field piled from two to three feet high, and a post and rail fence on top of it, the posts set in among the stones and wedged fast by them, is one of the best and most durable of fences. It will last till the posts and rails wear out. Good heavy chestnut rails will last half a century, and posts set in a heap of stones will last as long as the rails, only requiring to be straightened up now and then.

A friend from Chautauque County, New York, suggests a kind of fence much used in that region, which seems to be cheap and durable, and to have the advantage that the posts will neither be thrown out by frost, nor rot away just under ground. A large flat stone is provided for each length of fence, and two holes are drilled in it, two and a half or three feet apart. In each hole an iron rod is secured, each rod being provided with as many holes, two, three or four, as you desire to have rails or boards to the fence. The rods are then bent so as to embrace the rails or boards, as the case may be, between them, and they are secured by wrought iron nails, driven through the holes and clinched on the other side, each nail of course going through both rods. If you have plenty of stones, however, and have to get them off the ground, to heap or pile them along under the fence and around the posts will save the expense of iron rods.

Where you have plenty of timber, and of stones also and are in a hurry, a pretty good fence can be made by having a large stone or heap of stones instead of a post. Lay the first course of rails on this stone or heap, say two or two and a half feet from the ground, then keep up the other courses by stout stakes crossed from each side till you get as high as you want.

This fence will last till the stakes give way, and they can be renewed, if long and thick enough at first, by merely sharpening and driving in again. In making such a fence, you will not have to hole any posts or dig holes for them, or even to sharpen rails. Of course, the stakes should be of a durable kind of wood. Chestnut rails, made from large, sound trees, split and the bark pulled off, are, I believe, the most durable. Some say red cedar is the more durable, but I doubt it: certainly it is not when you take poles too small to split. Butternut is tolerably durable. Of boards, white pine and hemlock are well known for durability. White oak is *very* strong and *tolerably* durable. Most other kinds of wood growing in New Jersey, New York and New England rot too fast to be fit for fences.

In the spring all kinds of live stock need especial care, and in no month more than in March. This is the time when there is the most need of the curry-comb and card, both for cattle and horses; the most need of shelter from cold storms; the most need of good feeding, for working cattle, for all that are or are about to become mothers, and for the young ones that are struggling through their first winter.

Pay particular attention to your poultry; hens and pullets that have been well fed will lay well in March, and as eggs bring a good price in this month, will often pay for their keeping better than at any other time of the year, that is, if they have been well fed, sheltered and managed through the winter. Don't forget to keep them supplied with lime; for which pounded bones are best, and clam and oyster shells, not burnt, the next best.

Sow oats as soon as the ground is dry enough, which, in light, sandy soils, will often be in the latter part of March. Hot-beds should also be made and early peas sown, and scions provided for grafting. March is a good month to sow clover-seed, in the beginning of a light, drizzling rain, or on a light snow. That seed does not require to be harrowed in.

J. R. B.

HEALTH OF FARMERS.—There are seven reasons why farmers are healthier than professional men, viz:

They work more, and develope all the leading muscles of the body.

They take their exercise in the open air, and breathe a greater amount of oxygen.

Their food and drinks are commonly less adulterated, and far more simple.

They do not overwork their brain as much as industrious professional men do.

They take their sleep, commonly, during the hours of darkness, and do not try to turn night into day.

They are not so ambitious, and do not wear themselves out so rapidly in the fierce contests of rivalry.

Their pleasures are simple and less exhausting.

MANUAL ALPHABETS.

NUMBER THREE.

THE most desirable thing for deaf persons is a manual alphabet that shall enable them to communicate with a rapidity equal to that of speech; one that will enable the intimate companion of a deaf-mute to communicate to him or her, not merely the substance of a conversation or discourse, but the very words of a sermon, a prayer, a hymn, a lecture, resolution or speech, the testimony of a witness in court, the argument of a counsel, the charge of a judge, all word for word as spoken. That this can be done by means of a syllabic alphabet, without the painful straining of muscles and attention involved in attempting it by a *literatim* alphabet, [one which requires every letter to be spelled,] every one will admit. That there is no syllabic alphabet in general use is a singular fact, as several have been devised, and used in some isolated cases.

We all have heard of exceptional cases in which the common two-handed or one-handed alphabet has been used to convey to a deaf person the very words of a speaker, *pari passu* [with equal pace or progress,] with its delivery. We are told that the husband and other intimate companions of Mrs. Tonna, (the well known English authoress, Charlotte Elizabeth, many of whose works have been popular in Sunday School Libraries,) could thus rapidly convey to her a sermon in church or a speech in Parliament, by the two-handed alphabet, and Prof. Poet, the Principal of the New York Institution, using the one-handed alphabet, can convey to his semi-mute wife the words of a sermon or hymn, following the speaker word by word. But, in each of these cases, not only the flexibility of finger and expertness of the interpreter were extraordinary, but the quickness of visual perception in the deaf lady was still more so. As a general rule, it may be said that the manual alphabets that spell sentences letter by letter are hardly capable of half the rapidity of the deliberate utterance of the same sentences, syllable by syllable. And this is only because there are, on an average, from three to four times as many letters as syllables in any connected discourse. The hand, spelling letter by letter, must make from three to four times as many efforts as the voice, uttering by syllables. The attempt to keep up when nearly four times the number of efforts has to be made, involves fatigue both to the speller and to the deaf reader, and there is a limit, as every one knows, to the power of the human eye in seizing rapid successive movements. When movements pass beyond a certain degree of rapidity they cease to be perceptible. This limit varies with different persons, but with nearly all it will make practically impossible the reading of spelling so rapid as above supposed, even when there is an ability to spell so fast.

But with a syllabic alphabet it will be easy to follow a speaker syllable

by syllable, I will proceed to describe several such alphabets, which we find in books. The oldest I have met with, probably the first of the kind ever invented, is that of George Dalgarno, whose "Didascalocophus," published in 1680, is reprinted in the "American Annals of the Deaf and Dumb" for Jan. 1857. On page 19 of that number, (Vol. IX.) is a copy of Dalgarno's plate, representing his manual alphabet, (or Dactylology,) which seems to represent a glove, on which the several letters of the alphabet were written, (omitting the J, there counted as the same letter with I.) On page 54 and following are explanations and directions for its use, which are much too long to repeat here. Many of our readers can doubtless have access to the Annals, and can there study out the scheme of Dalgarno, which seems to me well worthy of study. He explains that, in the beginning, the letters were to be written on gloves, one for the scholar and one for the master, but, when practice had made the position of each letter familiar, the gloves could be laid aside. Their use, however, was evidently to be resumed when the deaf-mute had to converse with persons not well acquainted with the alphabet.

The places of the letters by Dalgarno's alphabet are very easy to remember, as he follows the alphabetical order, first of vowels, and then of consonants. (See the plate in the Annals.) But for combinations of consonants, he has various contrivances in the mode of pointing out the letters, e. g. with two fingers of the right hand instead of one, when *m* or *n* precedes the letter pointed out, and for syllables or monosyllabic words, he touches all the letters of the syllable at once, using the different fingers of the right hand for that purpose.

He explains that his alphabet can be used in spelling letter by letter with only one hand, as the places of most of the letters can be pointed to by the thumb of the same hand, and the rest by one of the fingers.

A like contrivance of a glove, on which letters and combinations of letters were written, to be used by beginners, and laid aside when the positions became familiar, was proposed by a French physician, Dr. Deleau, who, fifty or forty years ago, made the cure of deafness his specialty, and claimed to have restored at least one deaf mute, (Honore Trezel,) to hearing and speech, a claim, however, disputed by his contemporaries. He employed himself in educating, as well as medically treating, deaf-mute children, and proposed, and, I suppose, used an alphabet, the idea of which he *perhaps* borrowed of Dalgarno. It can hardly be called a syllabic alphabet as, the letters being pointed out by the thumb of the same hand, it does not admit of much variety of combination.

Another Frenchman, M. Recoing, who, half a century ago, educated his own deaf and dumb son, devised and used a syllabic alphabet on a plan much more complicated than that of Dalgarno. By having one set of positions of the thumb, another of positions of the fingers, and a third of positions of the hand, (much the principle on which the ancient signs for numbers were made to express high numbers,) he formed, by those triple combinations, several

hundred positions. But, as the correspondence of these positions to syllables or, rather, groups of letters was to a great extent arbitrary, the labor of learning this alphabet was enormous, and I believe no one but M. Recoing himself ever acquired it so as to make any practical use of it,

Pereyra, (whose name, in my last number, was misprinted *Peregra*,) is commonly said to have used a syllabic alphabet, but as the alphabet communicated by one of his pupils to De l' Epee was simply that now used in America and France, I doubt whether he had any syllabic alphabet properly so called. He probably used some contrivances for abbreviating words.

I shall continue this subject in my next number.

ROBERTSON.

CICERO gives expression to a very beautiful thought: "I go from life as from an inn, not as from home."

THE French have discovered that the white of an egg, given in sweetened water, is a sure cure for the croup. The remedy is to be repeated till a cure is effected.

A SMART WOMAN.—The *Detroit Post* tells of a woman who went out West, bought forty acres of land, cleared fourteen acres of heavy oak, chopped and split rails, built a house, sowed eight acres of wheat, dug ditches, supplied her neighbours with axe helvies and splint baskets, besides attending to her own domestic duties, all with her own hands, in a year and a half.

A YOUNG couple had been married by a Quaker, who after the ceremony remarked; "Friend, thou art now at the end of thy troubles." A few weeks after the young man came to the minister, boiling over with rage (his wife was a regular vixen). "I thought you told me I was at the end of my troubles!" "So I did, friend, but I did not say which end."

To measure corn in the crib, take the length, width and depth of the crib in feet; multiply these three dimensions together and this product by four; cut off the last right hand figure, and the figures to the left will show the number of bushels of unshelled corn. If measured in inches, multiply the three dimensions together and divide the product by 4,300; the quotient will be the number of bushels. This is upon the supposition that two bushels of unshelled corn make one of shelled.

✦ A FARMER in Virginia brought a suit against a Frenchman for selling him a deaf mule. He said he had "geed, whoad and hawed" until he was hoarse, but the mule would not pay the least attention to his orders, consequently he must be a deaf mule,

The Frenchman replied that the mule was not deaf, but the trouble was simply that the mule could not understand the English of the farmer. The case went over to the next term of the court.

THE DEAF-MUTES' FRIEND.

WM. MARTIN CHAMBERLAIN, Editor.

MARCH, 1869.

It would be no true friendship to the deaf and dumb if we did not let those interested in Articulation give some of their ideas and experience in the matter. There are many who can be benefitted by being taught to articulate and who can learn to speak well enough to avoid writing much of the time. Among our acquaintances are some who lost their hearing at the same age as ourself, (five years,) but who, not having had instruction as we did, can now speak only a few words or none at all. Still, they are, somehow, more intelligent than most congenital deaf-mutes.

We believe in the instruction, in articulation, of two classes: Those who lose hearing in childhood, and those who are only partially deaf. That congenital mutes, if intelligent, can be taught to speak, we do not doubt, but we question whether the result will be equal to the labor expended in most cases. Indeed, we do not consider the question as settled yet, though the results of all past experiments are against it. It has never been *fairly* and *persistently* tried in this country; the schools at Northampton and New York will answer the question in time; till then it is unfair to give a final opinion. The advocates of teaching articulation to *deaf-mutes* appear to be honestly convinced of the excellence of their plan, and the least we can do is to give them time and opportunity to prove it, trusting that if they cannot do so after every facility has been afforded them, they will frankly acknowledge it and turn their attention to some other and better plan.

That the plan of teaching articulation to *deaf-mutes* cannot be fairly tried in an institution where signs are used, we fully agree, but we think that the manual alphabet would be a great help in teaching it.

In early years, after losing our hearing, we would occasionally think that we understood persons who were talking, although we could hear no sound. The movements of the lips seemed to convey meaning to our mind. We would sometimes ask a person who

had been talking, if he did not use such and such words ; and finding that we were often correct, we were encouraged to continue.

By studying our own lips in a mirror, we gradually became able to understand much that was said, always understanding persons who spoke *to us* much better than when two other persons were talking together. This was in the days when men did not wear mustaches and the movements of the lips could be clearly seen. Since the fashion has been to wear a full beard, we have been much more troubled to read the lips.

Whatever results may be obtained, we regard them as fully applicable only to ordinary conversation and the every-day matters of life. Our own experience has entirely convinced us that it is impossible to attain to the ability to follow a public speaker or a preacher. One may be able to understand a word or a phrase here and there, but seldom enough to get at the subject of discourse. We made persistent effort in that direction for many years, and are free to confess that we failed entirely, and we had advantages and opportunities and facilities as good as can ever be obtained. In some instances the speakers were acquainted with the facts, and spoke slowly and distinctly in order to aid us. The result, while slightly better, was far from satisfactory to us, and to the audience it was a nuisance, beside being a restraint on the speaker and spoiling the effect of his delivery.

To all sensible efforts to benefit the deaf and dumb we will give all the aid in our power, but we do not believe in attempting impossibilities and think that the teaching of articulation will, after a while, by common consent, be confined to those two classes mentioned above, to whom it should never be denied.

We could pronounce correctly such words as we had learned before we lost our hearing, but we pronounced new words as they were spelled. This often made it impossible for strangers to understand us, but those who were aware of our peculiar habit did not have so much difficulty. After entering the Asylum at Hartford, we were always more or less exercised in speaking and reading on the lips, but made very poor progress in pronunciation until our teacher one day devised the plan of spelling or writing words just as they were pronounced, after which we seldom had any trouble.

This plan, if followed, would be of great advantage to both the teacher and pupil, always supposing the pupil to have formerly been able to hear and to have retained some idea of sound as a be-

ginning. We have very little knowledge of the method of instruction in the new schools, but intend to give the system a candid and honest examination and lay all real results before our readers.

We find, in the *American Annals*, the following extract from the *Brussels Courier*, in relation to the Congress of deaf-mutes of which we have before spoken: "It is stated, in the German papers, that in the early part of September [1868,] a Congress met at Berlin, such as the world had never before seen. It was composed of the educated deaf-mutes of Germany. At this convention, the German deaf-mutes resolved, among other things, to substitute stenography for signs, as a means of communication with one another.

This resolution would lead us to suppose that the use of speech is not so general, among the deaf and dumb of Germany, as it has been declared to be by certain writers. In adopting stenography as the method of communication, the German deaf-mutes seem to protest against the method of their teachers, who follow the system of articulation exclusively. But the adaptation of stenography to the use of deaf-mutes is not a new discovery, as is implied in the German papers which speak of it in connection with this Congress. The *Organ of the German Institutions for the Deaf and Dumb*, in the number for January, 1865, contained an article on this system, and attributed its introduction to the Canon De Hærne, who had made use of it, since 1829, but without desiring at all to exclude from the course of instruction either natural signs or articulation. According to the *Organ*, Taylor's stenography was made the basis of the latter system, while in Germany the deaf-mutes have naturally given the preference to the method of stenography used in that country."

We have received a specimen of the "Manual Alphabet Visiting Cards," advertised in another place. They are convenient, attractive and elegant, and are just what every deaf-mute needs who uses either visiting or business cards. The Manual Alphabet, which is nicely printed on one side of them, is the best engraved one we ever saw; the hands are small, but clearly defined and we cordially recommend Mr. Parkinson's invention to the patronage of deaf-mutes and all others who want a manual alphabet. See the advertisement for prices, &c.

For the benefit of mutes and their friends who may visit Boston, and desire to attend Divine Service in the "Sign Language," we will state that the "Boston Deaf-Mute Christian Association" holds regular meetings three times every Sunday at 460 Washington street. The exercises consist of a Sermon at 10 1-2 o'clock in the morning; a Bible-Class at 3 P.M.; and a conference or prayer-meeting in the evening at 7 1-2 o'clock. The place where they meet is known as "Templars' Hall."

"F. L. S." sends us the following:

"The High Class Boat Club" met on Friday evening, January 15th, at eight o'clock; Robert H. Hughes in the Chair, A Committee was chosen to nominate officers for the ensuing year, and to suggest any other business for the consideration of the meeting.

Thomas H. Jewell (formerly first mate,) and Abraham S. Gardner were nominated for the Captaincy, the former being elected by a majority of three votes. At the close of the polls, the following officers were declared elected:

Thomas H. Jewell, Captain; Abraham S. Gardner, First Mate; Fort Lewis Seliney, Second Mate; the two latter being unanimously elected. A vote of thanks was tendered to the retiring Captain, Robert H. Hughes, for the satisfactory manner in which he had performed his duties during the past year.

Capt. Hughes made a short speech, in which he thanked the members for their prompt obedience to the rules and hoped that they would continue to obey them in the future. The former treasurer having graduated, his place was filled by the unanimous election of Frank B. Robinson. Having listened to short speeches from the officers elect, arranged affairs for the following year, and enjoyed a social chat, the Club adjourned.

[This Club is a standing feature of the New York Institution.]

IN binding the February Nos. of the FRIEND, some of them got mixed up with surplus sheets of the January No., making the first half of the book the same as that for January. There were only a few, and if all who have such a copy will return it to us, with their name and residence, we will send them perfect copies.

THE "PROFILE."—A valued contributor writes to us as follows: "The model of the "Old Man of the Mountain," that I bought of you last year, has attracted considerable notice, and I value it as a pleasant souvenir of the mountains. I shall look for the articles in the FRIEND, relative to your adventures, with a great deal of interest."

A FRIEND, who knows, writes us that Levi Jack is still in the State Prison, owing to the crowded condition of the Insane Hospital; that he will probably be sent there when the additional building, now being erected, is completed, and that he only spent six months in the Hospital; not two years, as reported.

WE have received the *American Annals of the Deaf and Dumb* for Sept. and Nov., 1868. These two numbers are published to complete Vol. XIII, the second number of which was issued in June, 1861; since then none have been printed. The number for January begins a new volume. We shall notice it more fully in our next number.

Subscribers in Canada and the Provinces must send us *twenty cents extra* as we are obliged to *pre-pay* the postage on their magazines.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[As a general rule, we shall answer the letters we receive, other than strictly business ones, in this department. If an answer by mail is desired to a letter which asks for information outside of business matters, it can be had by enclosing a stamp to pay return postage.

Three cents is a small sum to pay for one, but if we were to mail answers to all letters we receive, it would cost us many dollars. We shall always be happy to give any information in our power, subject only to the above condition.

All persons, either subscribers or correspondents, will please write name, town, county and state plainly and fully; this will prevent mistakes and save much trouble. In case of removal, let us know immediately, giving both present and former place of residence.

Write whatever you know, feel or think, which you consider of interest: we will make all necessary corrections in the articles we use, and thank you for them.

Correspondents can generally tell whether their articles are received and what we intend to do with them by looking below. We especially desire that all our regular correspondents should send in their favors during the first week of each month, to enable us to go to press early.

All communications must be addressed to SWETT & CHAMBERLAIN, Henniker, New Hampshire, U. S. A.]

DON CARLOS.—Will send what you ask for as soon as we can get it. Your question is answered in the February No. of the FRIEND.

F. M. S.—We do not know of any case of the kind in New England.

W. W. F.—The notice you want inserted is an advertisement, and must be paid for as such. We think the plan absurd and see nothing astonishing about it.

V. F. H.—Thank you for your communication, for which we shall find room. Will be glad to have you do as you propose.

TYPO.—Send them along. We can tell better after we have seen them.

EN AVANT.—Welcome back! Hope you won't relapse again. We will write you on other matters shortly.

P. N. N., ILLINOIS, RESTRAINT, IVANHOE, STELLA.—Accepted.

J. E. T.—Try again.

✓ Gov. Tom Corwin of Ohio, the witty and renowned stump-speaker, was once, during his residence in Washington, on a visit to the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb located there. While taking a look at the pupils he turned to Mr. Gallaudet, the President of the Institution, and asked: "Which is the most numerous of the two sexes among the deaf and dumb?"

Being told that the males predominated, he said:—"Ah! yes, it must be so, for it is very difficult to silence the tongue of a woman."

PERSONAL.

DR. LE MERCIER, Professor of the Polytechnic Association of Paris, has been, during the last few months, giving lectures in this country on Comparative Anatomy. During the early part of last month he went to Washington, D. C., with letters of introduction to President Gallaudet, of the National Deaf-Mute College, from Prof. Leon Vaisse, principal of the Paris Institute. The authorities of the College immediately engaged him to deliver four of his lectures before the students.

The lectures were illustrated by splendid models, representing every portion of the body, which were so constructed as to enable the lecturer to take them apart, or dissect them, and clearly illustrate his remarks. He exhibited models of the human body, the gorilla and the horse as large as life. Others of the silk-worm, snail, fishes, and plants and flowers were magnified many times, and all their smallest organs brought out very distinctly.

His lectures were abundantly interesting and all connected with the College unite in highly praising them. To attempt to give a general idea of them would be the same as trying to describe all Creation. They must be seen to be appreciated.

They are a very valuable and pleasing means of imparting a knowledge of Natural History, and we would cordially recommend all institutions for the deaf and dumb to secure one or more lectures where it is possible. Prof. Agassiz, the great American naturalist, says of the models: "In America, models like his, fit to render the study of Natural History more attractive and easy, need not be confined to our higher institutions of learning. I hope they will be introduced into our elementary schools."

These models are everywhere spoken of as larger, more splendid and far more costly than any ever before exhibited in this country. They are made of a substance resembling *papier mache* and show great skill, as well as an accurate knowledge of Anatomy, in their construction.

The Doctor's terms are quite liberal.

REV. THOMAS GALLAUDET, Rector of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, New York City, held a service in the sign-language at the Chapel of the Good Shepherd, in Boston, on the afternoon of Sunday, January 31st.

The weather was very cold, but quite a number of mutes were present.

After the service, Dr. Gallaudet gave a brief sketch of his recent visit to the West, and of the services which he had held in St. Louis, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Columbus, and other large places, at all of which were large numbers of deaf-mutes. As an instance of the eagerness of mutes to attend service in their own language whenever they can, he told of a mute lady who came twenty miles in a sleigh, with only her little daughter for company, and returned the same evening. The next service will be held, Providence permitting, on Sunday afternoon, May 30th, at the same place.

MR. HENRY W. SYLE, at one time an editor of the *Gallaudet Guide*, is to accept the position of an instructor in the New York Institution.

Mr. Syle has, for some time past, been in England, studying for honors, at Cambridge University; but owing to the recurrence of an inflammation of the eyes, he has been obliged to discontinue all study for the present. With full sympathy, we wish him success in his new vocation.

MRS. T. H. GALLAUDET, who, since her retirement from the position of Matron of the Columbia Institution, at Washington, has been residing at Hartford, Conn., with her son-in-law, Rev. Henry Clay Trumbull, has returned to Washington, and will, we understand, make the home of her son, Mr. E. M. Gallaudet, her future residence.

PROF. F. A. RISING, late of the New York Institution, from which he retired on the first of January last, is now connected with the Articulation School of Mr. Engelsmann, No. 330 East Fourteenth Street, New York.

We expect to be able to give a correct idea of the method of instruction pursued in that school, which, we think, has been much misrepresented.

GEORGE KENT, Esq., of Amherst, N. H., has called on us several times during the past month. He is making preparations for his annual trout campaign, and intends to continue Champion of New England, if not of the country, in the trout line.

MISS REDDEN (Howard Glyndon,) is at present residing in Washington, D. C. We observe that she has meritorious poems in the February numbers of *Lippincott's Magazine* and *Hours at Home*; also in the January number of *Putnam's Magazine*. We see that she also writes for *Packara's Monthly*.

MR. CHARLES E. G. PRIEST, formerly of New York, but latterly a resident of St. John's, N. B., is in Boston on a visit. He talks of returning to the States with his family in the spring.

DE WITT TOUSLEY, formerly a teacher in the American Asylum, and for the last few years a resident of Minnesota, has returned to New England and now resides at Boltonville, Vt.

At the installation of a Baptist minister, in Lower Canada, quite recently, the following advice was given to the congregation:

"Dear Brethren—I suggest that you pray for your minister daily; guard his reputation carefully; hear him preach weekly; listen to the word wakefully; treasure it up joyfully; practice it faithfully; labor with him pathetically, both individually and collectively; attend the prayer and conference meeting constantly; support the Sabbath School heartily. subscribe for him liberally; pay him promptly; call on him frequently, but tarry briefly; greet him cordially but not rudely—and may the God of all grace bless you abundantly, and add unto you daily such as shall be saved eternally!"

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB,

New York, January 18th, 1869.

THE TABLEUX.

THE two first scenes were taken from Scott's Novel, "Kenilworth."

Queen Elizabeth, parting from her favorite, Dudley, Earl of Leicester, almost with a promise to give him her hand, meets, in a private part of her garden, the gentle and loving Amy Robsart, whom the Earl had privately married, and who had secretly come to the castle. The haughty surprise and afterward, the relenting pity of the royal lady were well represented by Mrs. I. L. Peet. Among the accessory figures to this scene were two or three marble statues, which, to the eyes of your reporter, seemed exquisite specimens of the sculptor's art; but in a few minutes, one of them, representing I think, the Goddess Flora, having descended from her pedestal, wiped the white powder from her blooming face, and become a lovely mortal girl again, came and took a seat near him, much to his surprise.

The next three scenes were a *Charade* in *Tableaux*.

First, a *seat in church* was represented; two gentlemen took their places in the pew, and sat unmoved while an old lady, coming a little later to the same seat, painfully picked her way over and among their boots; but when a handsome young lady followed, there was prompt rising and graceful attention. Such is the way of the world. The curtain closed on the four occupants of the *pew* rising to join in a hymn, leaving us much puzzled as to what word was intended.

The second scene represented a very sick man and his anxious wife. Dr. Gamage came in, and after due examination and consideration, administered a dose of *pills*. Some light began to dawn on the charade: the clue thus gained being confirmed by the tableau of the whole, which represented a *school-marm* and half-a-dozen of unruly *pupils*. (*pew pills*.)

Next we had three scenes taken from "Lady Clare," a fine ballad of Alfred Tennyson. The Lady Clare, on the eve of marriage to her cousin, Lord Ronald, is told by her old nurse that she is not, in fact, the Lady Clare, but a changeling and the nurse's own child. The poor lady, under this crushing announcement, shows a nobility of soul worthy of the very highest birth. She insists on throwing off her silks and jewels, and showing herself to her noble lover as what she really is, determined to "know if there be any faith in man." Prof. Reaves, as Lord Ronald, admirably represented the "merry scorn" of the high minded and generous lover at the idea that, were the story

she told true, he could forsake her! Great was the applause when the curtain fell on:

"We two will wed to-morrow morn,¹
And you shall still be Lady Clare."

There were two scenes from Dickens, viz: "Dick Swiveller and the Marchioness," and "Little Nell and her grand-father." There was "A Farmer's Kitchen," showing a very industrious family of girls, baking, washing, knitting, etc., most diligently; while a greedy boy helped himself to their cakes and pies. There was a *Tableau* entitled, "The Artist's Dream," in which the wonderfully lifelike appearance of the picture on the easel was explained by the fact that a beautiful girl had been enclosed alive in the frame, so that only her face was visible. The "Genius of Painting," hovering over the head of the slumbering artist, was as angelic as only Miss Montgomery can be.

"Taking the Veil," and "Faith, Hope and Charity," were appropriately represented, and the ladies then retired, giving up the stage to a rough troop of mechanics and artizans, who closed the performances with a comic act.

A BIRTH-DAY PARTY,

THE nineteenth of November, 1863, was the seventy-fourth birth-day of the venerable Harvey P. Peet, L. L. D., for thirty-seven years the Principal of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, in which position he has had more deaf-mutes under his care, and has done more for the cause of deaf-mute instruction, than any other man living. Leaving the Institution in an unexampled state of prosperity, he retired from this arduous and responsible office a little over a year ago; but still resides in the Mansion House, where he is at hand to aid, with his rare judgement and long experience, his son and able successor or, as Emeritus Principal, to take his place in occasional emergencies.

When Dr. Peet appeared among the pupils of the Institution on the morning of that day, he was greeted with a perfect storm of welcomes and congratulations, which, with these voiceless, though vivacious, people, took the form of stamping of feet and clapping of hands. The old gentleman bears his years remarkably well and while we may, in oriental phrase, wish him a thousand happy returns of the day, we may more rationally hope that he will see at least a score of them.

In the evening, Mrs. Peet, the estimable third wife of Dr. Peet, assembled a small party of family friends at their rooms in the Mansion House, as she expressed it in her graceful note of invitation, "to be thankful and happy for the preservation of a life so filled up with deeds of usefulness, and whom to know is to love."

When the company of twelve assembled, various gifts, ornamental and useful, were displayed and admired; evidently affording much pleasure to the venerable Doctor, who acknowledged them, before setting down to the table, in a neat little speech in which he feelingly referred to the blessings which,

after many family afflictions, still remained to him; not the least of which was the communion with a few long tried friends; the gratification of seeing the Institution to which all the best years of his life had been devoted going steadily on in its career of prosperity and usefulness, under his only surviving son, and the affectionate care of a wife such as few men are blessed with.

The refreshments having been sufficiently enjoyed, the following lines, penned for the occasion by a semi-mute lady, were read by Prof. I. L. Peet:

TO OUR FATHER ON HIS SEVENTY-FOURTH BIRTHDAY.

What time, O, tender friend, we sought
Love laden gifts to mark this day,
"He needs no glittering gold," we thought,
"His life's pure gold shines bright alway."

Nor bring we gems, the flashing ray
That from the diamond's bosom streams,
Is dim beside the Pearl of Price
Whose light across his pathway gleams.

Art hath her treasures, for the touch
Of Genius bids the marble thrill.
But fairest forms of earthly grace
Are coarse beside his finer skill:

His life hath wrought in dark, dim souls
Immortal forms of spirit grace,
No sculptured loveliness can match
No painter's hand hath power to trace.

But flowers, that God in love hath wrought,
Are fitting gifts to bring, I trow,
And great thoughts from immortal minds
Sweeter than Fame's wreath on his brow.

And trusting prayers, and tender hope
For a calm eve of peace and rest,
And friendship true, and joys of home,
Made sweet by her he loves the best.

So shall the winter of thy life
Blossom and brighten as the Spring;
And far beyond its sunset gleam
God's own approving voice shall ring.

M. T. P.

[An Acrostical Enigma, and a paper entitled, "Reminiscences of Dr. Peet's both written by a semi-mute, were also read; we reserve them for another number. Ed.]

After the table was cleared, a "Planchette" was produced, one of the gifts for the occasion, and a toy new to most of those present. It was immediately put to the question, but by hands so inexperienced that but little satisfaction was derived from it, except under the touch of one mute lady, who obtained two striking answers, seeming to show that though the presence of some obstinate unbelievers had a bad effect there was something in it not dreamed of in our philosophy. After two or three hours of social enjoyment, the guests

took leave of their venerable friend, and left him to his rest, agreeing that this occasion would be with each of them one of the "green spots in memory's waste."

January 23rd, the "Fanwood Literary Association had a spirited debate on the question: "Which is the best condition for deaf-mutes, Celibacy or Matrimony?" After two hours debating, the vote was taken, and resulted, among the boys, in seventeen for celibacy and seventy-three for matrimony. Many of the girls declined to vote, but of those who did so, only four were for single-blessedness, while twenty-three honestly and boldly stood up for the cares and responsibilities, as well as the pleasures, of wedded life.

On Saturday, February 6th, Mr. Newell favored the Literary Association with an interesting lecture, relating the story of "Wolfert Webber, or Golden Dreams," one of Washington Irving's charming "Tales of a Traveller."

A few days ago, we had an alarm of fire. Smoke was seen coming up through the floor of the High Class school-room. For half an hour there was a lively scene. Most of the classes broke up, and teachers and pupils crowded to see if there was any danger. Fortunately, the fire got no farther than smouldering and smoking. It was found to originate from a stove in the room below, where the women, who kept flat-irons hot all day, had made such a large fire of light wood that the flue got over-heated, and the fire communicated to one of the beams, which was separated from the flue by an insufficient thickness of mortar. Axes were brought, and many pails of water. The floor was soon knocked up, a deluge of water dashed in and all over the floor, the fire was extinguished, the floor soon mended, and all returned to their accustomed duties, feeling the better for a little excitement, thankful for the escape, and satisfied that precautions would be taken to prevent such an alarm happening again.

We have just had a line of pipes laid, by which we are now supplied with gas from the gas-works at Harlem, and have abandoned our private gas-works. The old gas-house was a nuisance, from the disagreeable odors which it dispensed around, and the gas we now receive is of a better quality, giving more light from each burner.

We had four hundred and ninety pupils on the last of December, and resolved to receive no more this term, except in very urgent cases. Five such cases have pushed their way in, making our present number four hundred and ninety-five. We can hardly crowd in any more, however urgent the case may be, till we gain more room, partly by the graduation of pupils next June, and partly by the erection of the new shops, which will leave rooms, now occupied by the shops, under the school-rooms, for other purposes. J. R. B,

THE Reports of the Illinois and Iowa Institutions are received and will be noticed in our next.

Our Washington letter, with others, goes over to the April number.

THE IMPROVED INSTRUCTION OF DEAF-MUTES.

IN the valedictory message of Gov. Bullock of Mass., and in a number of articles which have recently appeared in the *Springfield Republican* renewed attention has been drawn to the great success achieved by the Clarke Institution in teaching the deaf-mutes to speak intelligibly and to read the lips with facility. Of one pupil the strong assertion was made that "at the age of ten he would know more of the English language than the majority of deaf-mutes ever do," an assertion certainly equal to this: that under the system of instruction by the sign-language the deaf-mutes have not acquired upon their graduation even a child's knowledge of the structure and familiar use of our native language. Is it possible that the system is so defective as this? Can it be said that no congenital mute has yet been taught to use accurately the idioms of the English language? The question is a grave one. That, at the Clarke Institution in Northampton, Mass., and at the recently chartered Institution of Mr. Engelsman in 14th Street, New York, the mute does acquire the ability to read, speak and write the English language as children do at common schools has been proven to the most skeptical. From the discussions of the last two years, especially from the able papers of Mr. E. M. Gallaudet, of Washington, and from the opinions of experienced teachers, we deduce the following reasons for the well-nigh acknowledged failure of the old system of instruction.

The sign-language is an abbreviated and inverted method of expression, the basis of which is pantomime, hence conveying to the mind ideas and pictures, the imagery of action, which, difficult of translation, the mute in vain attempts to clothe in words. His knowledge of language does not keep pace with his stock of ideas; the former is painfully meagre, the latter rich and copious. Could Asylums be founded wherein the mute might spend his life among those of his own kind, then might we well say;—"Your language of pantomime, so graceful and expressive, so naturally acquired by you, is all you will need, by it you can make known your wants, teach others, and live, we trust, in happiness." But for him there is no such state of perfection, he must mingle with those who do not comprehend his gestures and his representations; the English language is the most desirable thing for him, yet his school life is mainly passed in the acquirement and use of another and a foreign mode of communication. We can safely assert that nine tenths of the conversation and instruction of the deaf and dumb is by this fascinating foreign language.

It may be alleged that efforts have been made from time to time in this country to teach articulation, but success was wanting and hence the attempts were abandoned. It is true that certain feeble and spasmodic experiments without system and without faith have had a short-lived existence—save in reports of the same before the dissatisfied, but until the establishment of the

two schools above mentioned, there has been no fair trial of a system which would teach the English language directly rather than by means of a foreign one first acquired.

No! the semi-mute and the semi-deaf and the congenital mute who is not dull of intellect should not be in constant association with those using the sign-language, if it be desired that he speak and read the lips and write, attaining to the highest success under the system, new in this country but over a hundred years old in Germany. The wonderful success attending the instruction of the above classes at Northampton, Mass., and in 14th Street, New York, has been due to the fact of their separation from the pupils and teachers who constantly use the sign-language, which, of course, as the general medium of communication prevailing in the Asylum, the mute will also use to the exclusion of that language which it is desired he should learn, and which requires a special and constant practice on his part impossible to be realized in Institutions where both systems of instruction are practiced. A.

DEAF-MUTES.

MR. EDITOR:—The condition of deaf-mutes, on account of their being without the use of the sense of hearing, and their using forms of language different from other people is so peculiar that it often puzzles even many intelligent people to comprehend exactly what their real condition is. It is difficult for many people to understand why they cannot speak, how they learn to understand words, &c. Such questions as the following are often asked by visitors at the schools for deaf-mutes: Why cannot the deaf and dumb speak? Are their vocal organs defective? Are not deaf-mutes more passionate than other people?

To the question: *Why cannot deaf-mutes speak?* it may be replied, It is because they are *deaf*. There is no defect in the vocal organs of deaf-mutes. The only reason why they do not use their voices in speaking is that *being unable to hear others speak, they do not learn to use their voices*. Let any one who has never reflected on this fact, suppose a case thus: Take any child who has the full power of hearing and in early infancy separate him from all opportunity of hearing others speak. He would grow up as mute as any deaf-mute. We learn to speak by imitating the speech of others. The vocal organs of deaf-mutes are, in ninety-nine cases in a hundred, as perfect in natural formation as those of people who hear and speak. During an experience of more than forty years among the deaf and dumb, the writer of this has met only one instance where the organs of speech were defective, and that was a case of a boy who, without being at all deaf, had lost the use of his voice by disease in his throat, so that he could not make the slightest noise. A singular case. A smart, intelligent boy entirely mute but not at all deaf.

Are deaf-mutes more passionate than other persons? They often *appear* to be so, but in reality we think they are not. In solving this question, we must take several things into consideration: 1. We must consider the difference between gesticular language and spoken language. The natural language of the deaf-mute is action, gesture and expression of the face. When a deaf-mute is displeased or angry he must *look* his anger in his face and *act* it in his gestures. This makes it appear more real and more formidable than if it were expressed by words only. When speaking people are angry, they can express much violent thought and give vent to a breast full of anger by a few sharp, spicy words. Here we are reminded of the old familiar adage, "Actions speak louder than words." It is chiefly, we think, that makes deaf-mutes often appear to be more passionate, in comparison with other people, than they really are.

2. It must be allowed that the condition of deaf-mute children at home with their parents and friends in the family, previous to their being educated, tends to render them often impatient and dissatisfied if they are at all irritable in personal temperament, from the fact that they have often to be governed, their wills restrained and their curiosity denied its gratification, without their friends being able to reason with them for want of a language—an intelligible medium of communication with them.

Deaf-mutes have many peculiarities of character, resulting from their condition by reason of their deafness and their isolation for want of the free use of language, but excessive passionateness of disposition cannot justly be attributed to them.

B.

"EMPIRE STATE ASSOCIATION OF DEAF-MUTES."

MEETING OF THE BOARD OF MANAGERS.

PURSUANT to previous notice, the Board of Managers of the "Empire State Association of Deaf-Mutes" met at the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, on the thirteenth day of January, at 11 o'clock, A. M.

Before proceeding to business, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, who was present, suggested that Ithaca, in Tompkins County, was a better place for holding the third biennial convention than Albany, assigning as a reason that the State Capitol was being enlarged and it would be very opportune for the *fourth* biennial convention to be held there when it should be completed. He also invited the members of the board to attend the lecture in the lecture-room of St. Ann's Church the next evening, although he could not be there with them.

The Board was fully attended. The reports of the Secretary and of the Treasurer were submitted and approved. Included in the Secretary's report was an exhibit of the money which he had received and disbursed by the disposal of three hundred and sixty-seven copies of the pamphlet containing

Mr. Angus' oration, showing a good amount of profit to the Association after all expenses had been paid. Adjourned to dine.

Re-assembled at half past two o'clock, P. M. Locations for the meeting of the next convention were discussed. The respective advantages of Albany and Ithaca therefor were fairly argued at length by Messrs. Faber and Rider.

The President finally gave his view of the subject. Recess at 4 P. M. for twenty minutes. On reassembling, a vote was taken, with the following result: Albany, 3; Ithaca, 4. Mr. David R. Tillinghast, of Raleigh, N. C., a graduate of the N. Y. Institution, was unanimously chosen "Orator of the Day," and Mr. Thomas Jefferson Trist, of Philadelphia, Pa., also a graduate of the same Institution, the alternate orator. Messrs. Faber, Bartlett, and McDougal were, *ex-officio*, elected a Committee of Arrangements, of which Mr. Faber was subsequently chosen Chairman, and authorized to make arrangements with the authorities at Ithaca for the reception and accommodation of the Convention.

Complimentary remarks were made on the issue of "THE DEAF-MUTES' FRIEND," and it was resolved that it should be heartily commended to the patronage of the mute public of the State.

On motion of Mr. Rider, it was unanimously *Resolved*: "That the thanks of this Board are hereby tendered to Prof. I. L. Peet, Principal of this Institution, for his cordial reception of the Board and his efforts to contribute to their comfort during the session."

Ithaca having been designated for the holding of the convention, on the 25th and 26th of August next, a brief description thereof will not be amiss.

It is a beautiful and flourishing village in the town of the same name and is the seat of justice for the county. It is situated partly on the border of Cayuga Lake, and partly on the hills around it. It is regularly laid out; its streets are well shaded, and the scenery around it highly picturesque. It is easy of access, either by Cayuga Lake, connecting with the New York Central Railroad at Cayuga, or by the Ithaca and Owego Railroad, which connects with the N. Y. and Erie Railroad at Owego. It is widely noted for its remarkable falls, all of which possess great attractions to the lover of the wonders of nature. The most remarkable of them are the Taghannuc Falls on Halsey's Creek. The whole descent, within a short distance, is three hundred feet. The stream falls, in a single cascade, over a precipice upward of two hundred feet in height, in a sheet of water sixty feet wide and two feet deep. Fall Creek has a descent of four hundred and thirty-eight feet within one mile. On the Cascadilla is a fall of one hundred feet in the form of a gigantic stairway.

Ithaca has also the privilege of being the situation of the Cornell University, the Agricultural department of which contains several hundred acres under high cultivation. It will be worth visiting, especially by those who are farmers, and these constitute a large portion of our class. In view of the many attractions which it sets forth as a natural resort for pleasure and health

it bids fair that there will be a great gathering, both to seek rural pleasures among the hills and indulge in mental nourishment at the Convention.

Efforts will, as usual, be put forth to make the occasion one of great interest and profit. Due notice of half fare and other arrangements, in accordance with which all may find it convenient to conduct themselves, will soon be published in the "DEAF-MUTES' FRIEND," and the "*N. Y. State Radii*."

ALPHONSO JOHNSON, *President*.

H. C. RIDER, *Secretary*.

P. S. The next morning the members of the Board were conducted about the stately Institution by President Johnson and after glancing at several classes and attending morning prayer in the Chapel, they hired a coach and in one body had a pleasant ride about the Central Park. Along with them was Mr. John Witschief, the successor of the late President Chandler, of the Association, and to him they are indebted for information on all the principal points of note. They were also present at the lecture above referred to and cheering addresses were made by Messrs. Fitzgerald, Witschief, Rider and others, on Ithaca and the welcome DEAF-MUTES' FRIEND. The ability of Mr. Chamberlain as its editor, ripened by experience with the *Guide* and the *Gazette*, and his being fully competent to conduct such a periodical in a manner to meet the wants of the deaf-mutes at large were duly acknowledged.

H. C. R.

Marriages.

In Breckney, Susque Co., Pa., Mr. EZEKIEL H. GAGE, (a graduate of the Penn. Institution.) of Brackney, to Miss ARVILLA TEWKSBURY (hearing) of Brooklyn, Susquehanna Co., Pa.

At West Harwich, Mass., Nov. 20th, BENJAMIN MERRIHEW of Dennisport, to Miss EUNICE A. ELDRIDGE of North Harwich. (Both graduates of Am Asylum.)

At Westfield, N. Y., Nov. 18th, Mr. CHARLES HEINZE (hearing) to Miss CATHARINE EICHACKER. (A graduate of the Ohio Institution.)

In Grafton, Renss. Co., N. Y., Mr. LEVINAS W. VAN ZANDT to Miss FANNIE N. FORD. (Both graduates of the N. Y. Institution.)

Deaths.

In North Andover, Mass., Feb. 8th, 1868, ELIPHALET M. HOLT, aged 70 yrs., 6 months. [Mr. Holt was one of the earliest pupils of the American Asylum at Hartford. He entered the school in 1810, being then twenty-two years of age, and remained there seven years.]

[The year of Mr. HAM's death was 1868, not 1867, as we had it in our last.]

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